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PRIESTS AND MINISTERS.

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THERE is a disposition at the present day among some descriptions of persons to think meanly of the energy and moral courage of the clergy. Some regard them as rather a sentimental, effeminate class, ranking about half way between man and woman in the scale of being; too inefficient to advance any great project, and yet clothed with so much dignity by popular prejudice as to require to be treated with somewhat more than ordinary consideration.

Again. There are others who regard ministers as idle drones, doing little and expecting a great deal, caring more for their salaries than for the welfare of the community, and willing that every evil should remain unmolested provided they can live in undisturbed quiet.

A third class openly denounce them as time servers; and one individual has with unblushing effrontery stigmatized them in a published pamphlet as "A Brotherhood of Thieves."

It is a prevalent opinion that the clergy have done in past times, and are doing at this present, very little toward reform. We believe that impartial history tells and will tell a different story. We believe that if the unobtrusive and self-sacrificing lives of those who have ministered at the altar could be written, it would appear, that as a class, priests have done as much for humanity as any other class of men. We use the word Priest as suited to our purpose, although it grates upon our ears, and savors too much of the butcher to be grateful to sensitive nerves. However near the resemblance between the two avocations

might have been, when the victim was sacrificed, yet even then we fancy that Abraham and Job and Abimelech stood somewhat higher in public estimation than ordinary cattle brokers.

In Egypt, the gradual extension of colonies from the south to the north, colonies renowned for mental culture, is attributed to the tribe to which the Egyptian priests belonged. They not only sought to hold the state together by a common worship; but we have the authority of Heeren for saying that their knowledge had reference almost exclusively to practical life: "their astronomical and mathematical studies bore a close relation to agriculture." In after times we know that the priests were, in Egypt, regarded as the deputies of the king and filled all the offices of state. They were the legislators and civil judges, they imposed and levied taxes and regulated weights and measures. What there was of science and of justice remained in their custody. If, as it would appear from the passage cited, they encouraged agriculture and brought in the arts to aid it, the world is indebted to them in various ways.

The Jewish priesthood bore some resemblance to the Egyptian. That is to say, the priests were ministers both to the church and the state. Like them, too, they were the learned class of the community, and did their part to promote agriculture. In these respects, to name no more, the Jewish and Egyptian priests resembled each other. The influence exerted over the state by each was great. But the Hebrew, guided by the divine light imparted to Moses, was restrained from doing so much evil as was in the power of the Egyptian, while the hierarchy of the Israelites spread blessings over the world, which threw all the philosophy of idolaters into the shade. Egypt, like her mummies, remains a dead form, embalmed by the hand of art in ages past. Vestiges of her superiority over matter can be traced in her wonderful pyramids, but not even a Champollion can discover any spiritual progress that the world has made by her existence. While the slaves that fled from her territory to occupy a portion of the earth's surface not larger than the State of Vermont, have filled the earth with the glory of the true God. Be it remembered that the human instruments, principally employed in perfecting this work till the time of Christ, were the priests. They were regarded in the Jewish polity as ministers to the king, and he who offered himself to the Hebrews as their king, was the King of kings.

There was a period in Jewish history when the priests stood forth as the assertors of liberty, and vindicated their claim to estimation and authority — the times of Antiochus Epiphanes; when an attempt was made to extirpate the Jewish religion; when for three days Jerusalem

was abandoned to the fury of the Syrian army; when forty thousand were slain, and as many more were sold as slaves; when the sacred city was drained of its treasure and its streets flowed with blood; its houses set on fire and its walls demolished; when the daily sacrifice ceased, and all, who could, fled to the mountains and caves lest they should be compelled to offer adoration to an idol or be put to the most exquisite tortures; when the Samaritans offered to dedicate their temple to the Grecian Jupiter; and old Atheneus was sent to instruct the Jews in the Greek religion and compel them to observe its rites, dedicating the temple to Jupiter, and on the altar of Jehovah erecting another for sacrifice to a heathen god; thus fulfilling the prophecy of Daniel of introducing the abomination of a waster.

It was in these fearful times, when an edict of the king made it instant death to offer sacrifice to the God of Israel, to observe the Sabbath, or any of the Mosaic institutions, that an eminent priest of the Asmonean family, lamenting the groves and altars erected to idols in every city, and the filthy swine his countrymen were compelled to eat or be thrown from the battlements of the temple, retired to his native place. When there sought and persuaded in an assembly of the people to obey the edict, he indignantly refused with a loud voice to offer sacrifice, and fearlessly struck down a Jew who approached the altar with that intent. Then rushing upon the officer and his retinue he tore down the altar of the false god, and called upon his countrymen to maintain the religion of their fathers. Animated by his spirit they did maintain it; and though contending against fearful odds, they drove out the heathen from their inheritance, and enjoyed something like liberty for a period of one hundred and twenty-nine years, under the direction of the priests of the Asmonean family.

It is true that the gown had often to yield to arms during this trying period; and Judas received the surname Maccabeus—the hammerer—for his heroic exploits. But it is not for us, who are now following the example of Cortez, to inveigh against those of a darker age, who “struck for their altars and their fires.”

In Greece and Rome there was no separate class devoted to institutions of religion. But respect was paid to priests in the earlier days of these republics, and in after times blind superstition perpetuated ancient rites. It was for the maintenance of these, that Christians were so virulently persecuted. The oracles at Delphi, Dodona and Olympia exerted their influence; and Müller remarks “that the maintenance of freedom and good order and the softening of manners were the chief objects of their responses.”

If there be any truth in the foregoing observation of the historian, it will appear that even among the heathen they who took charge of sacred things did somewhat to elevate the people. In Judea the nation rose to distinction through the same instrumentality. What then would be the presumption with regard to Christianity? Might one not safely hazard the conjecture, that they, who were themselves of the purest faith, would be most earnest to follow the preaching of the forerunner, and take up the cry which Heaven is continually addressing to earth?

A few illustrations will show that this is true of Christian priests as a class. If there was a Judas among the first twelve to whom the Gospel was committed, we must not look for a lesser proportion in more unfavorable times. But who sets up the betrayer as a specimen of apostolic devotion?

Probably no reformer in New England will admit that the early presbyters would have been obstacles in their way, although some of Paul's teachings and practice might have been stumbling blocks. We may safely leave the first two centuries with the remark that, although there was some grasping for power, yet this would have ceased, or not extended beyond an empty title, if Constantine had been content to keep the bishops away from councils, and to leave each one to teach as truth dictated.

But it may be that even the desperate efforts of Constantine to govern the minds and spirits of his subjects, called forth in after times, as well as in his own, greater mental activity than would otherwise have existed. Opposition has given birth to immortal names. It called into action, a hundred years before Constantine, the powers of that most learned of the fathers, Origen, "Whose life," says Eusebius, "was worthy of his eloquence and his eloquence of his life." The boy who at the age of seventeen would have thrown himself in the way of his persecutors, but for the hiding of his clothes by his mother, and who could write to his father, "Take heed that you do not change your mind for our sake," was not exactly a time-server. The young man who at eighteen would not eat the bread of dependence, was not particularly in love with scholastic ease. Nor was he, who saw many of his pupils die a martyr's death, excessively afraid of the same fate. Probably he would have been glad to have finished his Hexapla and to have completed his instruction of the Arabian prince and to have converted the Roman empress before he died. But neither death nor excommunication affrighted him, nor did the fear of the one, or the infliction of the other, prevent multitudes from attending the in-



structions, or reading the numerous books, of this ordained Christian priest.

"He merited," says Waddington, "the honor of persecution, and had the double fortune to be expelled from his chair by Demetrius and to be tortured in his old age by the brutality of a Roman emperor." Such persuasiveness of eloquence had he, "as to make it a question whether our religion was ever so much advanced, in point of numbers, by the mere intellectual exertions of one individual."

If there had been no separate order of men devoted to the inculcation of Christianity, would that religion have received such direct and immediate benefit from the learning of an Origen?

But we must pass to other times. After Constantine had set the example of usurping spiritual power, his successors were not slow to follow him. Even after the lapse of many centuries, when vast changes had taken place throughout Europe; even after Mahomet had wrought the most stupendous revolution in human affairs that any uninspired mortal ever achieved; when the schools of the Christians in Africa were closed, and the sway of the unlettered Mussulman extended from India to the Atlantic; when the spirit of the Gospel was as little manifested in the ordinary affairs of men in Christian as in Mahometan countries;—who preserved Christianity alive in the world then? They who are most prominent on the pages of history? The selfish, lawless spirits that "open for themselves a window in the walls of almost every century"; and especially in those which intervene between the fourth and the fourteenth? Such men were intent on "breaking heads and crowns." Learning was confined to the monastery, and our sacred books were preserved for many an age by men unknown to fame, men content to live for posterity, in gloomy cells, with rolls of parchment for their companions, and the transcribing of these for their employment.

It was during a period, when it was thought a great object among the powerful lords to agree upon a truce, called the truce of God, by which men bound themselves that they would not molest any person, nor take any thing by force from Wednesday evening to Monday morning, that Gregory Seventh stood in the place of Saint Peter and manifested the extremest limit of ecclesiastical rule. The familiar history of this portentous pontiff need not be repeated. His ability, integrity and irreproachable morals are fully attested. How are we to account for his allowing five others to become popes, while for twenty-four years, in an inferior station, he maintained the actual supremacy? If he sought only for selfish aggrandizement, how came he to oppose so

resolutely the authority of the emperor? Is there not room at least for the conjecture, that this austere, unbending reformer was seeking to free the church from civil dominion? that for a period of more than thirty years he devoted all his energies to bring about a great improvement, as he regarded it, in Christendom? Are we not to presume that he who dared to excommunicate the proudest monarch in Europe, and to compel him to stand barefooted and bareheaded as a suppliant and a sinner for three dreary winter days, was seeking for the people's good? We know that this fearless man afterwards in adversity, resisted all the solicitations of Robert, his protector, to do what this pope regarded as an unworthy act, although, when the request was made, Gregory was in the very centre of Robert's camp. We furthermore know that his latest words were, "I make no account of my labors, but trust only in this, that I have always loved justice and hated iniquity." A man, who could employ his last breath in such an acknowledgment, must have been at heart a friend of humanity. Take him as he was in an age of barbarism, and we believe that even this priest, the one of all others to be selected as an example of despotic, prelate power, ought not to be excluded from the company of reformers. Even at this present time he is regarded by those, who are awaiting the dawn of liberty at Rome, as one of freedom's champions. And the speech which contained this assertion roused the ire of the ambassador of that nation that imprisoned La Fayette.

We have no scruple in declaring Thomas Becket a friend to the oppressed and suffering. He was the first of the English race that rose to distinction after the Norman Conquest. And he sought distinction mainly for the purpose of vindicating the rights of the Anglo-Saxons. On landing at Sandwich after his long exile, he was followed all the way to Canterbury by the salutations of the peasants, the artisans, the tradesmen, but "not one man of wealth or distinction, not one man of Norman birth congratulated the distinguished exile on his return." Our space will not permit us to say more of this individual; we refer those who are desirous of freeing themselves from the prejudices which Hume may have engendered, to the 151st No. of *Littell's Living Age*, article "Anglo-Normans."

In passing to another period, it is enough to observe that the very fact that there were heretics, that is, men who ventured to think for themselves, in every age of the church, is proof that there must have been individuals of cultivated minds, to have doubted the truth of the common creed. We find from the memoirs of Petrarch, that, in the darkest ages of Christianity, there were many possessed of sound

learning, and, what is of infinitely more importance, of the purest virtue and piety.

It is also distinctly stated, that the bishops oftener opposed the popes in spirituals, than the princes in temporals. From the knowledge which the ecclesiastics possessed, as well as from their interest in religion, we might presume that the clergy would take the lead of the reformers; and this has ever been the case.

Wickliff, the morning star of the Reformation, though he held to the seven sacraments and the pope's supremacy, was opposed to indulgences and absolutions, and rejected prayers to saints and images. He boldly denied the power of excommunication, saying "that there could be no heresy without a bad life, and that no man can be properly excommunicated, who does not first excommunicate himself." These were bold words to be uttered when kings trembled at the thunders of the Vatican. It shows therefore the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon, that he was sustained even when uttering still greater heresies; such as "that it is wrong to take away the life of man on any account;" "that all war is utterly unlawful, and much more war in the name of religion." Such a man as this was the one to exclaim, "When will the proud priest of Rome grant indulgences to mankind to live in peace and charity, as he now does to fight and kill one another?" One like him was prepared to see the necessity of translating the Scriptures into the vernacular tongue. This work of his told powerfully on the community and was the principal cause of that extensive reformation of manners spoken of by Hallam. The people and the soldiers read it with avidity, and dukes and earls were busily engaged in transcribing and studying its precious contents. We may judge how highly it was prized by the people and the good it effected, by the declaration made at the time, "that if one saw two people in the road he might be sure that one was a Lollard."

It seems astonishing that England should ever after this have yielded to the Pope, and that more than a century and a half should pass by before there was any public avowal of a separation; that even then, this was effected by a king, of whom Sir James Mackintosh says, that "he approached as nearly to the standard of perfect wickedness as the infirmities of human nature would allow." Is not Cranmer entitled to some of the credit of the advance then begun?

Real reforms must necessarily be slow, especially when the means of intercourse are few. Wickliff's exertions were not lost to the world. Two of the chaplains of Charles Fourth endeavored to persuade the emperor to curb the pope and reform the church, and were banished

for their fidelity. Men, who could utter such words as follow, deserved to be banished from a warlike court. "At present," said one of the two, "the fury of the enemies of truth prevails against us, but it will not be so always; men will arise without swords and without power, and against them they will never be able to prevail."

That young priest and noble martyr, John Huss, did not read Wickliff's books in vain. He boldly declared that the pope being a priest like himself, had no authority over him; and so great was the popularity of Huss, that he might have set the authority of Rome at defiance and died in his bed, had he remained in his own country. But deceived by false promises, and zealous to spread his principles, he committed himself to the tender mercies of a council, by which he was deposed and delivered over to the secular power to be burned alive. The dust that he trod upon, for his ashes were thrown into the river, was sacredly preserved, and his glorious death gave life to thousands of souls.

The life of Martin Luther, even if it stood alone, would be enough to vindicate the priesthood from the charges so freely made against it. Compare Luther's influence with that of Gregory Seventh, or if you will, with that of Leo Tenth; and see if the stretch of power which these pontiffs usurped will have a feather's weight in the scale with the moral heroism of Luther in the other. Follow this second Paul from his unsatisfactory studies, unsatisfactory till he found a Latin Bible and discovered the principle of justification by faith, until you see him attacking the sale of indulgences and arousing the *monks* to a controversy respecting his principles and Tetzels. See this controversy spreading from the monks to the people, so that now Leo is unable by his mandate to forbid it. Observe the whole University of Wirtemberg espousing Luther's cause, the prudent Staupitz, the learned Erasmus, the mild Melancthon, all priests, sustaining him by their writings; and Frederic, the wise, interposing, unasked, his authority, when the enemies of the reformer brought the whole power of Rome against him. Look at this intrepid defender of the faith on his way to the Diet at Worms. Remember that he gave the Germans their present version of the New Testament. Read his life through and see who were his principal supporters; who first made a reformation in public worship. Thirteen monks left the monastery because compelled to say mass. Had there been no pastors of flocks to set the example, would the reformation have extended so fast and so far? Had Luther followed the profession of the law, would his name have stood forth so conspicuously among the reformers?

We pass to the time of Cromwell. The establishment of the Commonwealth in England was effected mainly by religion. "The Puritans had endured as much under Elizabeth, James and Charles," says Priestley, "as they would have done had Trajan or the Antonines been in power. Their clergy were treated as felons, some were put to death as in cases of treason, others imprisoned; and there, says their historian, they died like rotten sheep."

Even so late as the day of William Penn, we know how the civil power would have treated him, could a jury have been found to bring in any other verdict than "Guilty of speaking in Grace Church Street." But before this, so severe had been the inflictions, that they would have been glad if James's threat had been executed and they had been harried out of the land. But Laud would not be so merciful; no clergyman could go to New England without a testimonial from the Archbishop and Bishop of London. Is it to be wondered at, that after enduring so much through four successive reigns, the better part of the nation, "they by whom," as Hume says, "the precious spark of liberty had been kindled and preserved, and to whom the English owe the whole freedom of their Constitution," should have dethroned the king; and placed in his stead a man, who raised his nation to a degree of dignity that it had never before attained?

Who sustained and animated Cromwell? The army? Of what was that army composed? Of ingredients never before found in any army out of Palestine. Devout men were in it, who volunteered from a principle of conscience, in defence of their civil and religious liberty. Men of the same stock and generation of those who landed on the rock of Plymouth, and at Salem and Charlestown, and laid the foundations of our New England homes. Clergymen, is it claiming too much to say it? ministers of the Gospel, ranked among the the most eloquent and pious of the realm, were foremost in bringing about the Commonwealth of Cromwell and in founding a colony, "where the corruptions of the English Church were never to be planted, and where a new reformation was to be reduced to practice." Does not history teach this truth?

What shall we say of the two thousand non-conformist ministers, who in England, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, "gave up their benefices, to many all their worldly subsistence, rather than declare their unfeigned assent and consent to the liturgy and articles of the Church, and conform to many things which they disapproved and condemned."

We might continue multiplying examples of the self-sacrificing spirit of the clergy. We might form a long catalogue of those who

have spent themselves for liberty and holiness. Are Chillingworth, Baxter, Samuel Clarke, Watson, Benson, Price, Priestley, Wesley, names to be mentioned with irreverence by any lover of his race? Are the members of the Free Church in Scotland, who have, in our day, relinquished their livings for freedom's sake, to receive only abuse?

We have been pained while writing this, with the conviction that we were laboring to prove an admitted truth, an axiom, which had only to be named to be believed. But there is a large class of persons among us, who are altogether incredulous; and especially with regard to the desire for reform in the New England clergy of the present day. Their lives fortunately are yet to be written. But we ask any one, who can look back twenty-five or thirty years, to call to mind those who were most prominent in urging upon the community the duty of free inquiry. Dr. Mayhew, a hundred years ago, could not obtain an ordaining council in Boston; and his immediate successor was not invited to join the Boston Association until seventeen years after his settlement. What has brought about the great change in the present times? The writings of such men as Mayhew and Gay and Chauncy. Buckminster caught the spirit of the free, and transmitted it to his successors.

This spirit awakened the spirit of peace and the temperance reform. Who were the prime movers in these beginnings of moral reform? Who pointed to the spot where the lever should be placed and called on the citizens to unite their strength with their own? Every one, old enough, can remember Noah Worcester; and the sermons relating to temperance preached, and some of them published, twenty years ago.

Who have taken, and who are now taking, as deep an interest in the education of the young as any members of the community? Till very recently the most of the text books used in our schools were prepared by clergymen. Poor as they usually are in silver and gold, it would be curious to learn the number of barefooted, unknown and unkempt urchins, that the clergy of New England have taken by the hand and helped onward up the hill of science; and many of these helped, have climbed far higher than their benevolent helpers ever dreamed of going themselves.

To come to the subject which now engrosses so large a portion of those who would be reformers. Who first turned Wilberforce's mind to religion? What was Clarkson at one period of his life? What were the most of those among us, who are at this time most vehement in their advocacy of the abolition of slavery? They were students of divinity; some of them have been clergymen. Men, who

received all their power from institutions which they would now overthrow as the greatest obstacles in their way.

To propose one more question. Who caused to be republished in this country, Dymond's Essays, the moral class-book, we had almost said the gospel, of these no-Sabbath, no-clergy reformers? One, whose name even those who have the least of his spirit will not mention without reverence, — Channing.

We are of those, who believe that all human progress, to be real, must be slow. We must, with men, as with children, know how to wait. How few, even now, comprehend the meaning of liberty! How few take in Paul's definition of Christian charity! It is our decided opinion that a clergyman will make more real anti-slavery converts in the town in which he resides in the space of ten years, than all the anti-slavery lecturers and newspapers could do in the same time. A calm, reasonable presentation of the subject, time after time, will array no prejudices, form no parties, and bring all who will think, to the truth.

Although we dislike to make the assertion, as it may seem invidious, or at best like a boast, we believe that the present clergy of the New England States are doing as much for the cause of anti-slavery and for the general reformation of society as any body of men, of the same number, ever have done, since the days of Roger Williams. He too was a priest.

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#### FELLOW WORKERS.

"FROM the crevice of a cloudlet,  
 In the eastern grey,  
 Came a beauteous Beam of lightness,  
 Leading in the Day.  
 Flowrets woke up as she softly  
 Stole upon the lands;  
 Joyfully the leaves and grasses  
 Clapp'd their dew-wet hands!  
 Over field, and over forest,  
 Silently she went,  
 Like a messenger in earnest,  
 On some mercy bent.  
 By a quiet, shady hedgerow,  
 In a sheltered nook,



Where we love to linger, reading  
 In God's leafy book;  
 There a tender Shoot of greenness  
 Claimed earth's needful care,  
 And the Beam, so soft and gentle,  
 Was beside it there;  
 And, with streaming hands of silver,  
 Bent she down in prayer,  
 While a murmur, indistinctly  
 Rose upon the air;

"Oh, behold this germ of beauty  
 Pressing into life;  
 Come, thou golden god of noontide,  
 Help it in this strife!  
 I will tint its slender leaflet  
 And its fragile flower;  
 Ray of sunshine—fellow worker—  
 Help me with thy power!"  
 Light and Heat were fellow workers,  
 And God bless'd the deed;  
 For the flower was passing lovely,  
 Though a simple weed!

There are many germs of goodness  
 Dormant in each breast,  
 Lying there in sad half-slumber  
 And unquiet rest.  
 Fain they would both bud and blossom,  
 But, within the soul,  
 Prison'd are they—nothing nearer  
 To the distant goal.

Come, oh, silvery Beam of Knowledge!  
 Turn the dumb intent  
 To a speaking, healthy action,—  
 For this wert thou sent.  
 Be thou, too, a fellow worker,  
 Glowing Ray of Love;  
 Pierce within the sheltered hedgerow,  
 Draw the germ above:  
 Souls that else were poor and lifeless  
 Shall evolve new powers—  
 Weeds upon the wayside worthless  
 Shall be God's bless'd Flowers!"

*Chorley, Nov. 1846.*

## HOW TO SPOIL A GOOD CITIZEN.

[Concluded.]

"Oh dear, what can have become of Edward?"

"Nay, pshaw, don't worry yourself, wife; Bill Jones knows all about him, I dare say. He 'll turn up soon enough, I 'll warrant him; a bad penny always comes back again."

"Bill has not seen him for two days. I greatly fear he — O, I cannot tell you what I fear. He has not been heard of anywhere since you parted, night before last."

"Well, I know it. He's skulking round; never fear. Or maybe he's gone off. I should n't wonder. I gave him a faithful talking to, seeing he was sober enough to hear me patiently. I made him feel to the back-bone how wicked he was, how vile, and unworthy of our affection."

"He knew all you could tell him, and more, about that. Had you encouraged him by a kind word —"

"Encourage him in what? I must first sound the alarm to his conscience. Come what will, I've done my duty by him. I've been faithful, I trust. I shall have that comfort."

"Will it comfort you, if — if — he has thrown himself into the river in his despair!"

"No fear — nonsense — He might *fall* in — but he generally knows what he is about well enough to keep out of harm's way."

"He spoke of suicide, you know, as if the idea had entered his thoughts; and that is what I have been thinking of all night, and dared not speak of, lest the danger should seem more real to my mind. But there is no knowing what he might do in a fit of delirium."

Having thus given vent to her dismal apprehensions, Mrs. Harland's agitation became so ungovernable that it communicated itself to her husband, in spite of his determination not to be alarmed. Presently the whole neighborhood was excited by his anxious search, and gloomy conjectures were fast becoming rumors, when a pedler drove into the street who had news of the lost sheep. He had seen Edward at a considerable distance from home, and was charged with a message to his father, that all pursuit would be fruitless, and to his mother that it would be equally vain to send anything after him, as he was travelling on, as fast as his strength would permit. To her anxious inquiries the messenger had not much to say, having merely seen this wanderer sitting by the side of the road to rest. But he remarked that he was evi-

dently sober, and had said something about employment in some place where he was not known.

Weeks passed into months, and months into years. The old man never spoke of Edward, and neighbors and strangers forbore to mention his name in his presence. His memory seemed to have vanished from the earth more completely than if he had been dead and buried, for then survivors would have talked of him as he was in happier years, leaving his fall and his subsequent wretched life to be judged by Him who cannot err.

But his mother — could *she* forget her unhappy boy? It seemed so, for she was once more cheerful, and apparently healthy, bustling and busy about her household affairs, as if she were constantly expecting visitors. There were no heart-sick watchings, no more agitating scenes to shake her nerves, and she was now not only tranquil, but ready to smile and make merry with the neighbors' children, calling them in to play in her little garden, or to taste her nice things. With their help, she sometimes called up a momentary smile upon the gloomy countenance of her husband. Once, as he kindly patted a curly little head, she ventured to say, "Ah, is it not like Edward's at his age?" But the father's only answer was a groan, and a look of agony, as if she had struck a dagger into his bosom.

There was one sympathizing friend, who knew that poor Edward was never forgotten. Mary Lee was a willing listener while the mother's imagination bridged the chasm which divided her from her wandering child, and pictured his return to happiness and the paternal roof. Mary did not share her romantic hopes; her good sense suggested that a destitute and forlorn condition was not the most favorable to reform, and that a man of weak principles and bad habits was not probably gaining his living in an honest and respectable way, nor hiding himself from all who knew him, in order to form a character of which his friends had no need to be ashamed for him. By kindly pretending to hope, however, and suggesting cheering probabilities when the mother's yearning heart grew sick with hope deferred, she herself at last began to have a faint and wavering faith in Edward's final return. "A man who has yet a *heart* is not to be wholly despaired of," thought she, as she heard repeated for the thousandth time Edward's last conversation with his mother.

At last Edward came home, and was pressed to his mother's bosom with joy. Not that he came smiling and well clad, bearing in his mien the credentials of respectability and good conduct, prepared to meet his father's eye, and proudly to answer his doubts and fears. Edward, as of old, came home late at night, when his father had retired to bed.

Drenched with rain, muddy with travelling, shivering with illness, a more wretched object could hardly be conceived. He was soon in a comfortable bed by the warm fireside, and if his mother wept, as she watched his feverish slumbers, it was not because she had asked any questions, or listened to any confession. She wept with joy and tenderness that she had the privilege of ministering to his comfort in his distress.

Soon her husband waked, and came to share her anxious watch. At first he kept carefully out of sight, and spoke only in whispers, but before morning Edward was in the delirium of a fever, unconscious who were sitting pale and aghast at his bedside, while he raved of robbery and murder, flight and pursuit, and called on his mother to hide, and his father to protect him.

Early in the morning, Mary Lee came to the house, and opened the door, as usual, without knocking, when her further entrance was prevented by Mrs. Harland, who drew her back into the entry, threw herself on her neck, and sobbed aloud.

"You have heard, then," said Mary. "How fast bad news flies! I have brought the newspaper; has Mr. Harland seen it yet?"

"Edward is here—here in this house," cried the mother, not attending to what she said.

"Here!" said Mary, turning very pale, "what madness! Yet perhaps they may not come to look for him, till less obvious places are searched. Where—where have you concealed him?"

"Help! You shall not hurt a hair of his head! Murdering villain! Strike me first! I'll call the watch! Fly, Henry, fly!" cried Edward, struggling with his father, whose voice was heard, bidding him lie down, and be quiet, in tones of authority mingled with tenderness. Mrs. Harland ran to compose the darkened mind of the sufferer by caresses and soothing words.

"There—there—they shan't hurt Henry—no—he's safe enough—all's well now—go to sleep again—poor boy—your mother is by—father watching too——"

"But the crow-bar! See his white forehead, all bloody! Cruel! Cruel! The iron bar——"

"Here! I have taken it away—and the pickaxe too——  
Hush—sh—sh—Hush!"

Mr. Harland came to press Mary's hand in silence. She pointed to a paragraph in the newspaper she had brought, in which Edward's name was mentioned. A goldsmith's shop in a neighboring town had been broken into in the night. A young man who slept in the store had from some cause had his suspicions awakened, and being a heavy

sleepers, had brought his mattress into the front part of the store. He did not, however, wake till the villains had made good their entrance, and as soon as he opened his eyes, he was stunned by a heavy blow on the head; not, however, till he had recognized in one of the ruffians a young man he had formerly known, by the name of Edward Harland.

"What can be done?" said Mary, her tears falling fast, as the old man with shaking hands, but an unmoved countenance, folded the paper, and returned it to her.

"Nothing."

"If he were not so sick —"

"The justice of God and man has overtaken him, and to their mercy we must leave him."

"I will stay — perhaps I may be of use."

"God bless you, my child, you are always a comfort to us."

When the officers of justice came to apprehend Edward, they found him held in durance by a stronger power than theirs, and were convinced, as they stood by his bedside, that a death was impending over him which neither flight nor concealment could evade. They listened to his incoherent broken exclamations in hopes to obtain some clue to the discovery of his accomplices, and the names which he uttered led to a close espial of the motions of certain individuals, and their final committal on suspicion.

Many days passed, and Edward was still upon the borders of the grave. The inquiring neighbors and townspeople were daily surprised with the intelligence that he was yet living, and charitably hoped that he would die. "For surely," they said to each other, in mutual apology for so heathen a wish, "surely, he can be no loss, and will live only to go to prison and stand his trial, to bring a public disgrace on his family," &c.

Far different were the feelings of the three watchers by Edward's bedside. At the end of a fortnight, the balance turned in his favor, and he gradually rose so far that his mind and speech returned to him. How welcome, and how interesting was every sane word, as he gained strength to ask for anything he wanted, and thank the bearer of it. Mary had kept her promise to be a sister to him in sickness and distress, and he now expressed his grateful sense of her condescension and kindness.

"When I get better, I shall tell you all, and how unworthy I am that any one should befriend me. O Mary! Terrible as death looked to me, when I thought each day's sun would be the last I should see, I had rather die, than go back to what I was — to the life I led."

Edward's recovery was as slow, as, with the prospect of a prison and trial before him he could wish, and many long and interesting conversations convinced his anxious friends that his repentance was sincere and humble, and not the mere effect of weakness or fear.

"I should have come home long since, if, like the returning prodigal, I could have hoped for a father's forgiveness. I had nothing to say but that I had sinned till my wretchedness brought me home; and I dared not come into your presence, my father."

"How little you knew me, my son. A true penitent I could not but receive kindly."

"Perhaps I was not a true penitent. I only know I was most miserable, and longed to fly from myself, and from the diabolical associates with whom I had become involved to such an extent that I was powerless in their hands. How I envied the faithful Henry Allen when I found him, lying in his innocent sleep, prepared to defend his master's property — yes, envied him when I saw the iron club suspended over his head, ready to strike if he awoke. The weapon was in the hand of a brutal villain, an English deserter — who had seen enough of human butchery to think lightly of shedding blood. I knew he would not spare. I could hardly even pretend to be busied in anything but watching those closed lids, on which the glare of the lantern fell full and strong. At last, they quivered — the eyes opened — I sprang forward to stop the descending blow — I was too late — I caught Stewart's arm, and held it in check a moment — but the fellow threw me off, dropping his lantern, in the scuffle — and at the same moment, I heard that dull, heavy stroke, which I supposed to be fatal — for Henry neither moved, nor groaned — I became faint and sick — Having accomplished their object, the villains hurried off with their booty, dragging me with them, with threats and curses. Hearing sounds which made them apprehensive of pursuit, they left me in an alley, to shift for myself, and made off in different directions. From that time, I scarcely remember anything, till I found myself lying here, unable to raise my hand, without assistance."

"Poor boy! No one but your mother would have known you for Edward Harland, that night, bowed down with pain, and wild with fever, dripping with rain, your very hair clogged with mud."

"And whatever may await you, as punishment due to your crimes, we shall find comfort in the thought that, at least, no blood is upon your hands."

"I am resigned to suffer what I deserve, and bless God that I am not a Stewart, and at liberty," said Edward, shuddering. "I have heard that man talk of the most horrible atrocities with perfect indifference,

and even a brutal gaiety. I have felt my flesh creep, and my hair rise with horror and disgust — my soul loathed the companionship of such a diabolical nature. Yet, Mary, I had fallen so low that no indignant word escaped my lips, let him boast as he might. I, and others like me, regarded his cold-blooded contempt of the ordinary feelings of humanity as a matter of course in a man whose trade had been war and rapine. I was led by him, I hardly know why or how, except that he had an iron will, and I was weak, and regarded myself as hopelessly lost. It was not fear of him that brought me under his power — at least, not personal fear — though I knew that, give him but a *motive*, he would not spare the life or happiness of his best friend — *Friend!* I said — such a word is not for him — hardly for me.”

“You could never have become so callous, I trust,” said Mary.

“You would have said once, I never could rob a benefactor,” said Edward. “You would have thought once that I could be no man’s enemy but my own. But when a man has neither the power nor the will to struggle against evil, when he gives himself up to whatever current may be bearing him on to ruin, he goes downward like a straw in a whirlpool.”

“Conscience was not dead in your breast,” said the old man. “I frequently was convinced of that before you left me, and your repentant feelings prove it now.”

“Father, the pain of my conscience was like the agony of the nightmare, which the sleeper cannot throw off by an effort, though he is dimly conscious that he might do so. You hoped to rouse me to better things. It only increased my torment. I was angry and ashamed, but not penitent under your reproaches. My mother sometimes awakened my better nature — It has never been wholly torpid. But the shock of Henry Allen’s murder burst my bondage, and set me free — that, and the near view of my own grave. And now I pray God in his mercy to keep me from falling back into the pit from which I have escaped. Pray for me, my friends, for I feel my weakness. Do not ask that I may be saved from disgrace and imprisonment, nor even death, if I have so far violated the laws — but pray that my good resolutions, my humble contrition, may not pass away, and leave me more hardened than before. That is all I dread. I have no other fear.”

Edward’s strength gradually returned, and as soon as he was able to sit up, a guard was kept round the house, to prevent his abduction or escape. Not all his father’s arguments, his mother’s persuasions, and the terrors of the law had yet been able to convince Edward that when he gave himself up, he ought also to give up his accomplices. To his view it was meanness and treachery. By turning state’s evidence, and



delivering up the gang, or at least those already in custody, to punishment, he could himself be exempted from it. It was a perverted generosity, but still like his former self, that made him revolt at such immunity. Mary alone sympathized with it, while her judgment was unbiassed, and she endeavored to show him that it was a feeling he had no right to indulge at the expense of the community.

One night, when Edward's arm-chair had been placed where he could enjoy the cool air from the open door, a man suddenly appeared, and pointed a pistol at his breast, with violent and threatening, but silent gestures. Before the invalid could call any assistance he had vanished, leaving at Edward's feet a scrawl, bidding him take heed, for if Jim Stewart and Bill Johnson were not soon released, through his testimony, there were those at liberty who would take his life, and burn his father's house over his head.

Edward no longer hesitated what course to pursue. Through his testimony, and the information he was able to afford to the police, a gang of housebreakers and incendiaries which had infested the neighborhood was broken up, and the leaders among them sent to the state prison. Henry Allen recovered, and the gallows was robbed of its due in the person of Bill Stewart. It was to be supposed, however, that the tender mercies of an enlightened jury would have defrauded the hangman, had he been tried for his life, since murder for murder is fast going out of use, except among the uncivilized tribes of the red men, or in the court of Judge Lynch. Stewart's full acquittal would probably have ensued upon his capital trial, setting him loose to wreak his vengeance upon the Harlands. No mischief befel them, though Edward looked for it daily, and almost accused Providence of injustice that he was allowed to pursue his way undisturbed, and with every aid and encouragement to improvement.

It is a good natured world in general, and a sincere and humble heart finds no lack of cheering good will abroad in it. Whenever Edward met with reproach and contempt, instead of encouraging treatment, he bore it patiently and humbly, as no more than his due; and his submission put severity out of countenance. He gradually acquired the confidence of those who had any intercourse with him, and built up a new character, the more valuable as it was founded on humility and self-distrust, which led him to religion for aid and hope.

In a few years, Mrs. Harland died. Her eyes were closed by the hand of her son, whose grief was rendered bitter by the thought that the seeds of her decline were sown by his misconduct. Such sorrow hardly admits of consolation, or of being healed by time. The old man gave up his business at once, into Edward's hands, and withdrawing his

thoughts and affections from the world, waited in a state of tranquillity nearly resembling lethargy his own summons to depart. Every one saw that he would soon follow her who had so many years been his companion ; and who should console poor Edward, whose errors had brought premature old age upon his father, and who felt bowed to the earth by grief and loneliness of heart ? Who but Mary, who to his glad surprise, yielded to the old man's request that she would be their comforter, and by marrying Edward, fill the void made by the death of Mrs. Harland. Edward knew that her early romantic love for him could never be renewed, and her union with him must be viewed as in some degree a sacrifice. Mary was generally beloved, and by many admired ; and he hesitated to urge her to share a stained name and humble income. But, either from friendship, or pity, or something of her old affection for him, remaining at the bottom of her good little heart, Mary cheerfully gave him her hand, and brought the sunshine of her smiles to gladden the desolate home of the Harlands.

The old man revived under her affectionate ministrations, and lived to tell the story of the old sword, and its valorous owner, to his grandchildren, whose parents, however, sought early to enlist their young hearts in brave and active service under that banner whose motto is, "PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN."

C. W. L.

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CHARLES LAMB finely exhorts us : "Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the 'seven small children,' in whose name he implores thy help, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a half penny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all he pretendeth, *give*, and under the personated father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign those things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not."

## THE MISSIONARIES.

## CHAPTER V.

FROM Mrs. Maywood, and her husband's journal and letters, we shall continue to make such extracts as may best suit the design of this simple narrative; which, it must be perceived, is intended to illustrate the progress of humble, persevering efforts in the service of Christianity, and not to relate striking incidents, or detail startling adventures. The example of a holy, devoted, Christian life, springing, as it must, if true and consistent, from an inward principle of love to God and man, is felt and understood by all; and it contains more unction than the longest and most stringent creed which theologians have ever framed.

"We have been much engrossed lately," wrote Mrs. Maywood, "by the severe illness of our young convert, whom I have before mentioned, and who now bears the Christian name of Rachel. Her tractable and loving disposition had greatly endeared her to us; and her improvement was so rapid in all which we attempted to teach her, that she is already fitted to aid us greatly in the general duties of the school. Her patience and submission, and her serene and happy faith under severe suffering, and in the near prospect of death, evinced the sincerity of her religious professions; and we feel grateful that God has heard our prayers and been pleased to restore her to life and usefulness.

"Rachel was the first individual whom my husband baptized, together with her child, and our own infant son. We met her, under circumstances but too frequent in this land, and which well illustrates the deplorable ignorance and superstition of its inhabitants.

"Not long after our arrival here, we set apart a day for visiting from house to house among the humble inhabitants in the vicinity of our location, and were more than usually encouraged by the friendliness with which they received us. We were admitted, as it were, into the heart of their domestic life, — if that can be called domestic, which is so far removed from all the comforts we attach to that expressive word, — and many of them listened to us eagerly, and with an earnest desire to be further instructed in the word of life. We found them engaged, generally, in the simple toils of a rude people, who, seeking only a daily subsistence, have few wants to gratify, and no artificial desires to provide for. Some were sitting cross-legged on the hard earthen floor, eating their perpetual meal of rice and curry, and conveying the food to their mouths, with one hand, without knife or fork,

in the most unseemly manner. The husband invariably eats his portion first, the wife waiting in submissive silence, to satisfy her hunger on what he leaves, if his will assigns her even that favor; for here, as in all places where Christianity has not elevated woman to an equality in man's home and affections, she is his abject and degraded slave.

"We were courteously offered a portion of their food, though we could not be allowed to partake of it with them, — so strictly are they bound to abstain from eating, or drinking even from the same well, with any of a different caste. We find this a great obstacle in the way of familiar intercourse and instruction, and the strong prejudice deters many from entering their children at our school.

"On our return, at eventide, we rested on the brow of a little hill, before we approached our own quiet home, which lay, nestled like a lonely dove-cot, beneath the sheltering branches of a friendly banyan; and our hearts were lifted up in gratitude for all the happiness which awaited us there, and for the encouragement and hope which had that day been given to cheer us.

"The bland, refreshing air, so welcome after the sultry heat of day, seemed to bathe our spirits in tranquillity, and the pretty landscape spread around us, so purely oriental, so tranquil and so pastoral, carried our imaginations back to the early history of the world, and to the fertile pastures of the patriarchal tribes.

"Extensive fields of rice, stretched like verdant plains to the edge of the horizon, dotted here and there by groups of stately palms; or a single tree raised its lofty stem, tufted with feathery foliage, and threw its giant shadows upon the moonlit sward. Groves of orange-trees, the date, tamarind and fig were there, and various others, bearing cooling fruits, whose light foliage, and graceful forms, and delicious fragrance, seemed the very soul of harmony and sweetness. Scattered houses, or small clusters of picturesque dwellings, gave life to the landscape; their sharp roofs, covered by the fan-shaped leaves of the palmyra, or the braided foliage of the cocoa, and their virandahs wreathed with the starry blossomed jessmine, now flickering like countless snow-flakes, in the transparent moonlight.

"A lovely stream, held sacred in the religious ceremonies of the natives, flowed on at a little distance, its green banks fringed with drooping willows and aquatic plants, and the full glory of the cloudless heavens reflected from its crystal waves.

"A low, broken chant, so sweet it seemed like the murmuring of a naiad in her sea-shell, or rather like the sighing of a blessed spirit over the sorrows of humanity, it was so tender and so mournful, mingled at first with the music of the waves; and turning to the spot from

whence the sound proceeded, we saw a female sitting near the margin of the stream, tenderly caressing a young infant, which she lulled to repose by the gentle melody it had learned to love. The woman seemed in the flower of youth; and the profusion of jewels with which she was adorned, the fine cloth she wore, wrapped around the waist, and thrown gracefully over the shoulder and bosom, betokened her of the higher caste, as females of the lower order are not allowed to cover themselves above the waist.

"The infant was quite naked, as young children usually are, in this climate; but every little limb was twined with strings of scarlet coral, and with wreaths of gay and aromatic flowers, as if the unconscious victim were decked out for sacrifice. And so it was; for while we yet looked on, in silent wonder, the mother laid it gently on the ground, and cast herself passionately beside it, calling on her gods, and marking her forehead and breast with ashes. She then arose, and lifted the still slumbering babe, but with averted face, as if afraid to meet its innocent gaze; and, quick as lightning, threw it far from her, into the midst of the stream.

"A sullen splash — a wild laugh from the stricken mother, and the waves closed over the little victim of superstition, and pursued their tranquil and unceasing flow.

"My own senses were bewildered — stupefied. I could neither speak nor move, so intense was my horror; but my husband darted from me, and a moment after he was buffeting with the waves. A sense of his danger recalled me to myself, but I knew him to be an excellent swimmer; twice the little one rose to the surface, and disappeared again; the third time, he succeeded in grasping it, with a firm hand, and bore it safely to the shore.

"Both mother and child were conveyed to our own house; the former was long perfectly unconscious, and for many weeks she lay suspended between life and death. We rightly judged that the misguided woman had sought to sacrifice her child from an impulse of superstitious frenzy, for such things are of too common occurrence here. Her husband, whom she tenderly loved, had proved faithless, and deserted her; and she endeavored, in vain, by every art which woman's love could suggest, to win him back to duty and affection. Believing that as she was so severely punished, her sins must be very great, and demanded some great sacrifice, and that the gods would listen to her prayers, if she offered to them the costliest gift she could bestow, in her misery and despair, she resolved to cast away her child, to save her own soul and recover her unfaithful husband.

"I nursed the little stranger with my own child, and they linked

themselves together in our affections, and became indeed as twin-brothers, in their love to each other and to us. As the young mother slowly recovered, and by degrees the truth was unfolded to her, and her unconscious crime was revealed in its true light, as she learned gradually to comprehend the faith which points to a Heavenly Father, and the submission which is due to him, her heart melted with contrition, and it became her sincere and unwearied effort to regulate her whole soul and life by the precepts of the Gospel.

"She has never left us; her husband has not returned to claim her, and with cheerful submission she now bears her trials, 'growing' daily, we trust, 'in grace, and in the knowledge of God and her Saviour.'"

"It is a year to-day," wrote Mr. Maywood, a short time after the above, "since we reached this place, and it may be asked, What has that year effected? what encouragement has it given, for continued effort and perseverance? In the review, I find occasion for deep gratitude to the kind Disposer of all events, for the many mercies which have followed us, individually, for continued health, perservation from many dangers, and the enjoyment of many privileges.

"In regard to our missionary labors and prospects; these might seem barren and discouraging enough, to one who counted on great results, or who felt that a multitude of converts was the sure test of usefulness and progress.

"As yet, I can number but very few who appear to have sincerely and heartily embraced Christianity. One, among these, is our interpreter, who, though long living with Christians, and employed by them in various offices, and also quite withdrawn from idolatry, never evinced any interest in the practical truths of the Gospel; but has now embraced them humbly and heartily; and his intelligence and activity render him a useful assistant and fellow-laborer. Another, is a wealthy native, of high caste, a man of acute and discriminating mind, who, like many others of the more intelligent heathen, has long felt that the ancient religion of his country is false and unsatisfying. He has had frequent intercourse with the missionaries at Ceylon, who strove anxiously for his conversion; he received from them books and tracts, and religious instruction; but the doctrines which they inculcated were a 'rock of offence' to him; he would not embrace a system which inculcated mysteries and contradictions at which his reason revolted. But he received from them the best gift they could have bestowed, a Bible; and he read it in solitude, and meditated on its simple doctrines, and its pure and elevating precepts, till his mind was thoroughly convinced, and his heart burned within him, kindled by the glow of fervent and sincere devotion.

"This is the nucleus of our infant church, around which, we trust, may cluster many a redeemed and rejoicing spirit, ripening here, for the kingdom of heaven.

"Still, we have reverses and disappointments enough to check a too confident expectation. We will not despair. We will yet believe, and strive, that the Gospel in its simplicity shall be received by the ignorant and benighted children of this fair and fruitful clime."

## GROWTH IN CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

A SERMON, BY REV. M. G. THOMAS.

2 PETER iii. 18. Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

THIS scripture is an exhortation to progress in Christianity. We would now use it as such in a very general sense. In an age like the present and in a country like this, change and movement are to be expected. Happy will it be for us whenever they result in greater good. That we may aid in bringing about such a result, let us consider some of the movements and tendencies of the day. Perhaps we may find in them indications or means of growth in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The day of polemics and of somewhat narrow and sectarian controversies, seems to have declined. A new department in Christianity, so to speak, is opening before us and engaging the thought and action of the religious world. Discussions about God and Christ, and theories of religion, and systems of doctrines, are giving place to things more immediately practical. The *humanity* of Christianity is beginning to throb and palpitate in the great heart of Christendom. The *doing* of that will which is alone to prove it from God, is occupying more and more the Christian world. It is well. We would closely watch the signs of the times and endeavor to read aright the lessons of God's daily providence in which he is passing before us, that we may catch the earliest and the faintest rays of every new day in the coming kingdom.

What then are some of the indications and manifestations of growth in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ at the present time?



They are such as show that Christianity is more faithfully and practically applied, not only to private life and character, but to all institutions and customs of society. Missionary operations seem ever to have led the way in this change. But the same love to man and gratitude to God which prompts to the promulgation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, will not let us rest satisfied in the possession and enjoyment of any increasing sense of redemption, regeneration and salvation by Jesus Christ, which we may not communicate to others. Hence has it been, and now is the fact, that just in proportion as we are beginning to feel and to know of redemption in any department of life, we become desirous of imparting it to others. No man attempts to inculcate by precept and example, by effort and self-sacrifice, a true temperance in all things, as a part of the spirit and obligation of the Gospel, until he has himself experimentally been convinced, and known thereof. Then the same spirit of love to man and gratitude to God which, at the first prompted him to spread the Gospel, will prompt him to spread the new form and application of it which he has come to know. Hence the growth of one and another from time to time into an engagedness in the various benevolent plans and operations of the day.

Why the continually increasing societies, associations, leagues, operations and publications of the day? Do they not argue a deeper and an increasing interest in mens' hearts in regard to all the subjects to which they relate? And are they not all practical, or believed to be practical by those engaged in them? The spirit of the disciple that has so become one with the spirit of him who of old delivered his enslaved Israel with a high hand and an outstretched arm, and with the spirit of him who came to preach the Gospel to the poor, deliverance to the captive, and the setting at liberty of them that are bruised, that it will not let him rest without action upon these great, and Christlike and Godlike themes and purposes, makes him an Anti-Slavery man. He puts his hand to the plough, gives of his substance and bears his testimony in this new sense of Gospel obligation into which he has grown, and in this new direction.

The spirit of another has felt the descent of the dove of peace and has become intellectually and morally alive to the deep wrong of all personal hostility and deadly strife. He has come to feel with Jesus that wrong cannot cure wrong, any more than Beelzebub can cast out devils, and that he must conquer by love and draw to his own blessed spirit by that in which he suffers, or in any way is lifted up in this present evil world. He has come to know that all the enmities of every day life that often used to shade his paths are to be healed, if at all, by the perfect love into which he may receive them and lose them forever.

Having thus come himself to be born of a spirit that will no more resist evil than did his Master, but only seek to overcome it with good, and having deeply felt the redemption and divinity which are in this his new birth, both to himself and to others if they will but receive it, he cannot be at rest until he is active to impart, and faithful to promote and awaken the new life and experience in others. He becomes a Peace man, anxious to convert and redeem society and the world from all the spirit and manifestations of war, to the utmost of ability and opportunity which God has given.

And will not any one just in proportion as he may grow more and more into this knowledge of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and find himself in feeling, spirit and life redeemed from all enmity and hatred, even to the slightest degrees thereof, and knowing instead only compassion and love, like unto those in which the bleeding Lamb of God was lifted up, be anxious and under a sense of obligation that others may come to know of this redemption? And will there not be a proportionate growth in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in all around him?

Now if the illustrations which have been given are just, they lead us to the contemplation of a great fact whose meaning we wish correctly to understand.

We see in this country and in others men of all classes and conditions in society, becoming more and more engaged not only in Temperance, Freedom, Peace, but for the Prisoner, the Criminal, the Licentious, the Laborer, the Immigrant, the Insane, the Sailor, the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb, the Widows and Orphans, the Idiotic; then there is a class of societies and associations a little different from these, in that they have perhaps a more direct pecuniary bond — Odd Fellowship, Sons of Temperance, Rechabites, Protective Unions, Unionists, and many others too numerous to mention; all profess to have a benevolent and helping aim. There are those in them all, and who are foremost in them, to whom the pecuniary engagements are but as the small dust of the balance in comparison with their fraternal, benevolent, social and helping tendencies. We do not wish to form a judgment or express an opinion in this connexion in regard to any of these bodies of men or their various purposes. But only to bring distinctly to view as the great fact of the present day in matters pertaining to religion, that the tendency is to the *humane* and the *practical*. The religious community is becoming interested more and more in some one, or more, or all of these and kindred subjects and operations. Platforms are opened in every village and grove, and village church, and wherever men do congregate. Discussion of the freest kind prevails. Everything that is uttered in

regard to any of these various subjects of interest is thoroughly discussed and sifted. Not a principle that is advanced, but friend or foe will push it to its extremes, and it must either be fully and manfully sustained and proved, or disproved and relinquished. Such discussion suffers no subject to rest, nor does it leave it with a single suggestion to make its way in the public mind and heart. But opposite and conflicting views are suggested and agitated until the moral sense is fully awakened and judgment formed. These free discussions constitute a sort of school or gymnasium in which the public mind and conscience are enlightened and quickened and carried forward upon almost all subjects, beyond what they would be by the single presentation of subjects by any one mind, however powerful and acute.

Then too, in these various associations, those of different classes and conditions in society, who are deeply and experimentally interested in the subjects discussed, come forward with their earnest and practical word. They are themselves a manifestation of a certain amount of mind and heart and life as affected by these matters discussed and acted upon. If we view them only in the light of witnesses they become an exponent of the interest felt and of the spirit that is abroad and still kindling upon the altar of the public heart. There is no portion of society that is not getting voice, and type, and embodied action. No antiquated wrong or deep inequality that is not being stirred from the dust of ages and adding its note to the Babel cry that is already filling the land, resounding along our shores, and echoing from our hills and mountains.

And what is the interpretation of all this so general discussion and action and movement concerning the practical and home questions of every day life that reach and deeply affect the conditions of all men? They show us where, in the good Providence of God, there is present pressure upon the mind and heart of our brotherhood. They serve as an index to pulpit application of the Gospel, and to direct Christian and philanthropic thought and effort. They show at what points counsel and truth are called for. Concerning what things there is hunger and thirst after righteousness that will welcome it and improve it gladly. That the great issues of the time are concerning *humanity*, and practical righteousness, or the *doing* of God's will.

What then would seem to be the wisdom of the pulpit in a day like this? The pulpit — may it never forget its highest office, as the ark alike of the Old and the New Covenants, where they, with all the fulness of their Revelations from God, and upon all subjects, shall be faithfully kept! We would not that it should ever have a *hobby*. God forbid. Or that it should ever become the absorbed and forgetful organ of any

*one only* manifestation of Christianity. For we believe that all that the Father hath, belongeth to it. But may it not stand on the summit of the mount and catch the first level rays of each new day, and concentrate them with focal power upon all that is wood, hay and stubble in our midst? May it not be the first to light its torch at the fire Providence is kindling, and ready to go forth at any time to hail and to sanction any good nuptials among our Father's children? When a jewel is laid bare in the well worn paths of toiling life, and good professes to have come out of Nazareth, let not the pulpit be Jewish, but Christian. Where that jewel shines or that good appears, let it be present with clear, and full, and sure light from God upon that very spot. Let it welcome the good in the days of its scorn and rejection, that it may help to prepare the way of the Lord. Let it not forget that there are pearls of great price, and that good may come out of Nazareth, and if it heed them not, the one will shine in the ranks of unbelief, and the other will rise in judgment against those who would not "come and see." It was not from Mount Sinai nor Mount Moriah, nor from the Mount of Olives, of Tabor or of Calvary that God always revealed himself, and there ever shone first and brightest and last. The cloven tongue of fire sometimes descended upon the worn prophet of the wayside, and the wilderness, and upon the toiling poor as they continued in prayer and in the breaking of their bread from house to house. And we who have filled our urns so often and so long from that of the Nazarene, and from those of the Galileans of old, will not forget to listen, or refuse to profit, whatever the medium through which the Father's truth may be uttered, or his spirit breathed.

There is another reason why we may well avail ourselves at the earliest practicable moment of any growth in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, though it may be found with those who are not of the number upon whose breasts God would that the Urim and Thummim should ever shine.

There is no general movement of thought or of life in a community like ours, that must not early reach and affect the pulpit and its usefulness and efficiency. If the moral eye of those who look to it has been opened to the breaking light that dispels the shades of any night of error and of sin, it will be prepared to bear the mid-day splendors of the sun of righteousness. It will be able to try the spirits whether they be of God. But when strong and full light succeeds to darkness we are blinded and grope in the noonday as in the night. There will be less of this darkness in the onward movement of the ever coming kingdom in proportion as we gather up the first rays of light and truth that

may shine upon any darkness or error that may yet be found among men, and become familiar therewith. And although there can be no progress without a ripple in the water or a hurtling in the air in the natural world, so is it in the moral world. And the ripple and the roar will be large and loud, as the successive waves are seldom and vast, or frequent and small. In the one case revolution cometh. In the other, growth. We prefer the latter.

As Christianity can never enter any new fields whitening to the harvest, without a conflict of opinion and a struggle between what has been and is, and that which is to be, it would ever seem the dictate of wisdom to diminish the violence of the conflict and struggle so far as consistent with fealty to truth and righteousness and supreme devotedness to the will of God in Christ Jesus.

May it not sometimes be true that the children of the pulpit have gone out from its influences little ones, and on their return in full growth and maturity, the aged parent whose eye has become dim and whose ear heavy, does not at once recognise in the manly forms and hoarse voices that return, those that went out as its own of old, and that have but come back with interest after many days. But let good come in whatsoever shape it will, and originate where it may, all true children of the kingdom will welcome — nay, even buy, and sell it not.

But there is a strange inconsistency even among the children of the kingdom, which leads them to rest satisfied whereunto they have already attained, even though half conscious that they have but entered upon the way everlasting. They know that the latter day glory is yet in the womb of the future, and that it can only appear as the mountains sink and the valleys rise, yet are they at ease in Zion. The watchman may cry, but it is to ears that are heavy. *His* light may shine, but it is amid darkness that comprehendeth it not. With suicidal blindness the inactive and ease-loving Christian will often be offended at the disclosure of a new field of duty and an increased sense of obligation to do good and to bless. Instead of regarding it a privilege whereby the soul is to swell its heavenly treasure, — an opportunity to enlarge its inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, it is looked upon as an unwelcome call to bear the cross. And *men* shrink from its being moved or mooted, and the path of the Watchman as he would lead the way to growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, is hedged up with thorns. Such are without growth in the knowledge of Jesus Christ. They come not to the light lest their deeds should be reproved. Such will either die under the cloud, or late repenting, find, like Judah returning from the days of her captivity, the glory of the latter temple less than that of the

former. The institutions of the Gospel which they dearly loved and desired most reverently and devoutly to cherish, will have been mistakenly fostered to death. Will not such ever be the tendency and the result where there is unwillingness to welcome whatever new light or faithfulness of application which may yet be gathered from the Word of God.

Especially will it not be so when the movement is of that *humane* and *practical* character and spirit that will bear directly, not merely upon the opinions, but upon the acts and the interests of men. Where the judgment is to be made up, not about theories or professions, but matters of every day life and practice.

Will not then, the lovers of all Gospel institutions welcome their growth in all knowledge pertaining to the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? It will prove the truest fidelity to those institutions as well as the highest opportunity and good to the accountable subjects of their blessed influences.

We would add a single suggestion concerning the growth and movement of the day. Each individual, whether in the pulpit or the pew, has his own moral position and point of view, and not another's. Be that position what it may, it is to him his light, and he feels under obligation to think and act according to the light that he has, or thinks he has. And he is so. Differ then widely as we may in our moral sense and judgment concerning these things, and in our precept and example concerning them, there is no room for uncharitableness, denunciation or coldness one towards another. Wherever aught of the kind may exist, we know not what manner of spirit we are of. Surely not of his who came not to destroy but to fulfil, not to condemn but to save. Rather let each utter his word and give forth his light, and each permit the full privilege claimed. There is no earnest and sincere word but will find its echo. No light but will be reflected. We would not, if we could, at any moment stay the voice of reformer or conservative. Their respective places and offices *are* in the Providence of God, as much so as those of the minutes in the course of time, or the drops that compose the river. Each is under the highest obligation to help the coming kingdom as he before God regards it; and never may his fellow say, in any other form than that of argument and persuasion, and in the spirit of love—What doest thou?



## THOUGHTS ON IMMORTALITY.

IN the sweet tale of Undine, that light and sportive creature is represented as being overcome with awe, when she finds herself about to be endowed with an immortal soul. She fears as she enters into its overshadowing presence, though it is by her own voluntary act that she acquires the priceless treasure, she shrinks and shudders as she feels its approach. She is almost ready to forego the blessing, in view of the fearful responsibilities it involves. Beautifully did that guileless spirit perform its mission on earth, walking amid the scenes of mature life in all the purity which it brought fresh from the hands of God; sadly perplexed by the obliquities of men and the false sentiments of society, yet going on its way in patience, and keeping "itself unspotted from the world." But with the subsequent course of that fair creation of a poetic fancy we have nothing now to do. It is the deep truth contained in the scene to which we at first referred, that is to furnish the text for this article.

The gift of an immortal soul, how great! how solemn! may we not add, how awful? Were it in our power to choose or refuse the gift, how momentous would be the decision! But the choice is not for us. The treasure is already in our keeping. Whether we will or not, we *must* be under all the solemn responsibilities attendant on so high a trust. Not being aware of the precise moment when it was committed to our trust, coming gradually to the consciousness of our higher powers, we may now in this life awake to a full sense of the greatness of the gift that is in us. Carelessly or wilfully we often close our eyes against the great truth that God has intrusted us with the keeping and the training of a deathless spirit. There is, in fact, something so stupendous in the idea of living forever, that the mind can hardly grasp it. In the midst of the din and bustle of active life, it is difficult to realize that our daily and hourly deeds are stamping their character upon the soul; and that they may be recalled ages hence with all the vividness of present realities, and with a significance of which we have now but a faint conception. Neither is it easy for beings so hemmed in by time and sense as we, to arrive at an adequate idea of our own powers. Our wealth, our personal beauty, our learning, our various accomplishments all are sufficiently prized. Often they are over-estimated and made to minister to vanity and pride; but this greatest boon of all, a nature capable of adoring and imitating the Infinite One, a being which is to be co-existent with the endless future, how strangely is it disregarded! How



seldom do we reverence as we ought the godlike within us! In our better moments, alas that they are so few! we do indeed approach a just appreciation of our immortal nature. The spirit then asserts its superiority, and we feel that it is divine. In the still watches of the night, when we have entered our chamber, shut the doors about us, and are alone with ourselves, with God, and the spirit-world, do we not sometimes bow in reverence, almost in awe before the majesty of our nature? There is nothing of pride in the emotions with which we contemplate our nobler capacities; for the more highly we appreciate them, the more are we humbled that, with so great capabilities, we *are* so little. The spirit that came so pure from the hands of the Father, how sadly is it travel-stained by its sojourn in the world! The affections, which should have had their rest in the bosom of Infinite love and truth, how often have they gone wandering up and down, to and fro in the earth, clinging to idols of clay, which have crumbled in their grasp and left them desolate! These are the thoughts that often crowd upon the mind in view of our immortal nature, and leave no room for self-gratulation, though they do not exclude present gratitude and lofty aspiration.

Let us endeavor for a moment to conceive what would be the feelings of one, suddenly gifted with a soul in full maturity of intellectual power, if it were possible, and at the same time with all the purity of the infant spirit. With what reverence would he look upon it as the inspiration of the Almighty! With what intense curiosity would he scrutinize its various capacities! How sedulously would he endeavor to improve them all, to develop in its true proportion every power! With what jealous care would he maintain the supremacy of the spirit in the body! With what holy fear would he guard it against all the pollutions of the world, that no shade of sin should sully its pure robes! How joyfully would he avail himself of the privilege of communing with the Parent Mind, in renewing his life at its great Source.

Such is the watchfulness we should expect from a being such as we have supposed. How much greater the necessity for vigilance to one who has allowed the springs of thought and feeling to become contaminated! around whom evil habits have gradually woven their chain, till that which was slight, at first, as the spider's web, has become like fetters of iron. It is no light task to wrench or wear these chains away, and stand again a freeman. To eject the enemy from the citadel, and resume his sway as the rightful sovereign in his own mind is not the work of a moment; nor when this is done may he give himself up to slumber, lest some traitor thought again admit the enemy. The path of the victor over cherished sins must be marked by conflicts which are none the less fearful that the spirit's agency is known only to God and

that invisible "cloud of witnesses" who rejoice over every sinner that repenteth. With constant striving must he press on, till, in the place of the lost innocence he bewails, is enthroned the steadfast virtue that has overcome the world.

Such were life, and so solemn its duties, even were they confined to the formation of our character; but when we regard ourselves as in some measure our "brother's keeper," how vastly are its responsibilities increased. Insensible though we may be at times to the wrong done to our own souls, who does not shudder at the idea, that he may have put in peril the soul of another, "for whom Christ died"? Of our own sins we may repent; but who shall assure us that he, whom we have caused to fall, shall ever rise again? How shall we measure the sphere of our influence? It is bounded neither by time nor space. Never in this world may we know our power; but in that future life, when the chart of our earthly wanderings shall be laid before our spiritualized vision, with what intensity of interest shall we trace out our relations to those, whose very names were unknown to us here! With what extatic, though humble joy may we view the blessing attendant on some lesson of virtue, or some casual word! With what agony of woe may we see in some unkind or thoughtless act the blighting of another's soul! As we look back from the far-off ages of the future, we may behold ourselves still living and acting among men, through spirits whose work on earth had not commenced, when we had passed away. In this view how solemn is life! how urgent the call to fidelity in every duty!

This mortal state seems to have been far too lightly regarded even by the Christian world. It has been esteemed a virtue to look with a feeling bordering on contempt upon the present state of being, while all the hopes and aspirations were fixed on a future heaven. Truly our conversation should be in heaven; but that heaven does not all lie beyond the grave. To every faithful soul it has its commencement here. The great idea of life as it lay in the mind of Jesus, who can fathom it? To him it must have been a continuous existence; that event so great to our apprehension, which we falsely call death, forming scarcely a dividing line in its progress. Let it be so to us. Let us no longer walk the earth as animate bodies merely, but as living souls. Neither let us go mourning on our way, as pilgrims through a dreary wilderness, which must be passed before we reach the promised land. It is not thus that we honor Him, who has made even this earth fair and holy. But let us so live here, that our departure hence may be not a passage across a broad sea to a strange land, but the return of children from pleasant journeyings to a still more congenial home.

M. W.

## A SKETCH.

THE night is very stormy. It rains hard and the wind blows heavily. The old elm near the house, and the cherry trees close to my window, and the locusts on the opposite side of the lane shiver and moan like the spars and cordage of a vessel in the darkness and tempest of the Gulf-stream. Every little while our farm house trembles with the blast; the sashes rattle in the half-windows of this upper room; a blind slams in a lower story; and then a door creaks or rattles its latch, as if strange guests, belated and weary and wofully wet, having entered by stealth, were seeking for lonely chambers where to rest. Or it may be the late father of the family chooses such a night to revisit the premises and look upon his wife and children, and notice the changes that have taken place since he slept here, a living man.

Somebody is talking in the next room. Either slumber has got hold of an earnest thought and utters it, or it has been scared out of bed by the noisy gale, and left the occupant to toss and grumble.

There is something almost fearful in a voice heard at midnight, stealing through a house long sunk in repose. It reminds the watcher that he is surrounded by dreamers, whose visions, dim and fleeting, may be chasing each other even by his side. It reminds him that life is flowing mysteriously by, nearly hushed and unconscious, all around him; or that a sick child cannot lose his sense of pain; or that a mother's love is anxious for her babe. In any case, where the voice reaches our attentive mind, it goes far to stir up an old memory, a hope, fear, or ludicrous idea, or sober fancy, and seldom leaves any without a deep though vague impression of its visit. Yes, there is much worth reflection often, in a careless tone heard at an odd moment. The music of a serenade may not be sweeter, nor the whisper of death sadder, nor the scream of torment more appalling. And when the storm shrieks outside in the fields or streets, how boldly does the small murmur fly forth to meet it, leaving one with a listening ear, almost frightened for its safety amid such a tumult!

What are the birds about? Can they keep to their nests on the swinging boughs? Can they rock with the branches, heedless of the gale? Or do they tremble with the leaves and long for the daylight and sunshine? Poor things! We know so little how their hearts are made to beat, that it may be a waste of feeling to pity them, while human poverty can find no shelter, and the sailor toils from watch to

watch on the dreary seas. Oh! the dangers that walk abroad! Could each one behold his own secret foes for a moment, would a single cheek remain bright and ruddy? would the idlest lip fail to quiver, and the brawniest hand to be lifted in beseeching agony? Let the concealing shadows fall as they have done forever! Let the truth be covered! Beneath lies a doom more terrible than destruction, a continual fear, that would drive the world to madness. The mariner, the outcast, the bird, lean, in this lowering hour, upon the same soft bosom of tenderness. Life and death for them are held in the kind hand that never fails, and either dispensation will be their best blessing.

A lull for a few moments. The storm strides like an old giant up the steep road, halting at intervals to gather strength and nurse his fury. His work has a touch of desolation, and he springs to it with a rough growl and bluster, wholly given up to a kind of fiendish satisfaction. I have been thinking during this transient calm of the changes to which the universe is subject. Two hours never pass alike, with precisely the same cloud and blue sky. Every day wears a different aspect from the preceding or the following. Every life varies its distinctive features and garments from the cradle to the grave. The wisest cannot calculate with certainty as to the opening of a flower or the ruin of the smallest promise.

At sunset who dreamt of the present state of things? Evening closed in with peculiar beauty. The sun dropt into a low, black cloud as if it were all over with him. But soon one point of the cloud began to brighten; and the splendor, increasing quickly, became almost dazzling. The long mass, before so dark, was filled with radiance; and then the sky above caught the glow and carried it on to the fleecy, gray clouds beyond; till it seemed as if children had been flinging millions of roses upon the breeze, which had been borne aloft and stuck there to bloom a little for their innocent delight. One other sunset I remember like it, at sea. A night or two before we made Rio Janeiro, the heavens, from horizon to horizon, were covered with a similar blush. The dense clouds of a long, dull storm thinned away and separated into small feathery portions, most delicately tinted, coloring the broad ocean, like a wonderful Aurora.

So goes the world, and the wonder is, that with countless imperfections we can so well adapt ourselves to its vicissitudes; and the solemn thought is, that however unprepared we arrive at any crisis, a careful, perfect Love is always near to take us by the hand.

Open the blind and peep through the trees at the spreading country, if you can. There is a full moon the other side of the tempest, so that the prospect is not as dark as it might be. But we can see nothing

distinctly. The white village steeple is the only object that appears in a guise approaching its own ; and that looks visionary. We should not see it but for the dark hill rising close behind. The rain resembles the heaviest mist that hangs upon the water, wan and wavering, sweeping by like troops of phantoms, sheeted and forlorn, from the grave-yard yonder. It blows a stream into our faces. We will shut the window and let the howling hurricane alone to report of what happens without.

How pleasant a brisk, wood fire would be ; for this room is not too tight to the weather. The air comes through the crannies, threatening my lamp and chilling me with its cold dampness as if breathed from the lips of November. Besides this, the chimney and fireplace are spacious, and only a few feet intervene between the hearthstone and the outer darkness above. The furious gusts, therefore, do not hesitate to use this entrance among others to my lordly presence.

And why *lordly* ? Tell me if a man thoughtful and lonely, awake while others sleep, thrilled by invisible powers mightier than human forces, companioned by forms vague but sublime and often beautiful, beings not of this world, the great departed and those nearer ones whom he has loved and buried or been absent from for many living years, — tell me if this man is not sovereign of a splendid realm ? Who can dispute his title ? Who can snatch his crown ? For the brief space that we are at any time alive to the wondrous influences of nature, alive to her loveliness and grandeur, touched truly by her sweet and awful voices, participants in her joy and sorrow ; while we experience all this do we not rise superior to the potentates of earth ? Rank we not with a loftier race who hold more intimate communion with the Eternal, and possess a deeper knowledge of his providence ? And, as it is by the delicate workings of the individual mind that this spiritual world is brought near us, do we not of our own right, under Heaven, hold a kingdom that monarchs might envy ? Their rule is over material forms, ours over invisible essences ; their authority extends only to the outward act and appearance, ours to the passions, feelings, motives of the inward soul. Kings we may be “ of a fantastic realm,” but kings who have the wide heavens and the wide earth for their empire.

Here have I sat an hour or more driving the pen at a venture ; now pausing to dream, and now to listen for the swelling of the wind after one of its naps. The battle continues bravely and seems likely to. The elements will not give up a strife, wherein, strange to say, there is such constant harmony. Upon what key has nature set her anthem to-night ? A minor surely with the double bass in play. Yes, a melancholy strain is this blending of rustling leaves, creaking boughs, fast pattering rain, and sullen, roaring, never tiring winds. A practised ear

might discern a symphony in the confusion more exquisite than Beethoven has produced. Mine is not quick enough for that, but is satisfied with bending over occasional notes which remind me of mournful voices that have died away.

My curiosity is awakened on a sudden; and a fancy has glided off to the thickest part of the wood adjoining the opposite pasture. A deep, dark, tangled dell is there. The sunlight seldom reaches it, and few beams of a star from the clearest sky fall into its bosom. A charm reigns over the spot. What is the storm doing in that dense solitude? For miles around it the woodland stretches, and from every quarter pour in swollen streams of growing commotion, which meet with a noise of thunder, and tumble together, like foaming torrents, in this hollow among the trees. The tall pine, the slender birch, the young oak, and the strong elm shake with palsy, while their crashing limbs scatter the torn leaves upon the raging whirlpool of sound. But my truant fancy grows frightened and runs back under cover just as the fury of the scene subsides and the lonely dell settles gradually to a repose that will soon be broken again.

Down in the cornfield under my side window, off in the peach orchard on the slope below the barn, what is the storm doing there? Wait till the morning and see the grain levelled to the ground and broken, and the green fruit scattered, blown into the road and lodged upon the walls.

Still, the gale, after doing all this, and much more, is not spent to any sensible degree. I could shut my eyes and believe myself at sea very easily, where the waves will roll mountain high all night long, and the darkness seems to howl in pain. The heavy foliage gives us no faint roar of the ocean; and the top of this hill where we are perched like eagles in an eyrie, commands an expanse as broad and free and open to the north-easter as the main-top of a man of war laboring through the wide Atlantic.

One more look at the tall white spire, and the sheeted rain, and then Goodnight!

R. P. R.

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"LORD NUGENT describes himself as about to walk out of Hebron through the large gate, when his companions, seeing a train of camels approaching, desired him to go through "the eye of the needle"—in other words, the small side of the gate. This his lordship conceives to be a common expression, and explanatory of our Saviour's words; for, he adds, the sumpter camel cannot pass through unless with great difficulty, and stripped of his load, his trappings, and his merchandise."



## MR. WALL'S GREAT PICTURE.

BY REV. E. E. HALE.

THE Christian poet of the Book of Revelations describes the coming triumphs of Christ in language which has always been remembered as most enthusiastic in the songs of triumph of the church. "And I saw, and behold, a white horse; and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering, and to conquer." The image and the language are exactly fitted for poetry. The simple images of the old Hebrew poets, in their very simplicity give force and clearness to our conception. And this single image of Conquest, the white horse bearing a royal rider on to victory, comes back to the Christian memory side by side with these consecrated symbols of older prophecy. As, with David, Jehovah makes the clouds his chariot; as, with Isaiah, trustful man mounts up on eagles' wings; so, with the unknown poet of "the Revelations" does Christ ride forth crowned, to victory. Pure as the white snow,—his winged words fly straight, quick and true, and there is given to him the crown of royalty: King of kings, he shall be owned the Master, to whom all owe dominion, and as he goes forth conquering, he shall ever go forth, yet to conquer.

For many months past, I have wished that some other pen might call the attention of the reader of these pages to Mr. Wall's grand picture, painted to illustrate this glowing Christian prophecy. Whoever has heard him speak, with all modest dignity, of the true duty of Christian art, would be sorry to hear another attempt to repeat his convictions or feelings. He foresees a noble future for Christian art, to which its past efforts in painting and in sculpture have only led us on. May it not prove that the Christian artist, by going far beyond the mere illustration of particular scenes in Scriptural history, by selecting a wider field for his Christian effort, may, in our day, go as far beyond the efforts of Catholic art, as they beyond classical, or merely Jewish inspiration. The Christian painter who lingered merely on the canvass which represented Rebecca at the well, fell far, very far, behind the higher genius of those men, who, in their paintings of scenes from Christian history, have, with all the fire of genius, exalted the beholder's conceptions of Christian truth and love and power. Of course he is the most successful Christian artist, who so handles his subject as to purify and exalt most the Christianity of those who look upon his picture.



How will Mr. Wall represent Christ conquering and to conquer? Shall the painter limit himself to the poet's symbol? Hardly so. A picture of the white horse,—of the crowned rider rushing forward, will hardly satisfy the eye. That will be only another effort,—from which the beholder shall turn back, saying, "This is not my conception of Jesus." That will only be another display with paint on canvass of physical force,—which, with the highest skill of art, will not be a true type of the moral triumph of the Faith. The poet's symbol is not the true symbol for the painter. Certainly not in this case,—perhaps it never is. It serves the imagination of the reader, or of the hearer. The reader, or the hearer will seize the simple idea of victory,—of triumph;—and for himself complete the method of the triumph, sketch out its progress, and trace its history. But the painter can shew us more. We are not well satisfied unless he do shew us more. In illustrating this splendid prophetic ode of triumph, the great artist will shew us more than the mere words of the prophet who long ago proclaimed that the triumph had begun. And in the view at which we have hinted, the Christian artist is bound to shew us more. We read of the faith of Christ, that he rides forth thus crowned and triumphant,—and, as we have just now said, we tax our imagination and thought to show us how the prophecy has thus far been fulfilled, and how it may be, in days to come. What will be his crown? How does this triumph come to pass? Where do these arrows strike? How often is this bow bent which showers them? In one word, how does the world feel this moral conquest? *Where* is the progress of Christ's kingdom? We put to ourselves such questions in the moment that we read the poet's words. And when we hear of Christian art, we demand that it shall help us to this idea of Christian victory. It must help us to see the conquest of faith. We do not want merely to see the symbol which the poet used to illustrate it. We ask if Christian art cannot give us farther illustration of that victory of victories.

Mr. Wall attempts to meet this demand. His picture of the conquests of him who goes forth conquering, is a brave effort to raise the beholder's conception of the power of the Faith. Of course, it is hardly wise to attempt to describe it. What we have said ought to debar us from the effort.

He represents, in a painter's way, the victorious march of Christ. Far back, in the distance of the picture, are the altars and temples which remind you of the oldest worship of the world. They are almost veiled by the smoke of their own incense. And yet light shines out from them. The Christian eye can still detect them in the far distance, for the smoke of those altars also, going up perpetually, went up to heaven! Their faith, poor though it might be, was based on the Godly

faith which is somewhere or other in every man's heart. And so, as you look back into that long, distant perspective of the ages, you can see sparks of light shining forward from those now forgotten fanes. Sparks of light, — and little more, for between us and that distance is the group of crosses upon Calvary, — there is the falling veil of the temple of a formal worship; and, as the great earthquake of that day shakes tombs and monuments of the past, a light as from heaven, radiates around the whole, in the brilliancy of which the flames from older and corrupt altars pale their ineffectual rays.

With such imagery in the distance, reminding the beholder of the outset of Christian triumphs, the artist has gone on to depict them. They vary in purity and circumstance, but still are victories, in each of which we may recall the memory of the Conqueror. Amid blood, perhaps, and crime, still is the prophecy fulfilled. The master goes forth conquering. Dim in the mass of groups, for which the history of conquering centuries claims a place upon the canvass, you may see Crusaders riding down the enemies of the Faith. Bitter conquests, those, indeed! And yet, somewhere in the hearts of those mail clad men, there was a veneration for the Master, and that veneration alone upheld their wild chivalry so bravely and so long. There, again, are the groups of emigrants to our shores, Cortes, Pizarro, de Soto, the Virginians and the Pilgrims: — seekers for fame, for gold, for earthly immortality, for easy luxury or for homes, and yet on the banners of all of them was drawn the cross of Christ, and on the lips of all of them was the profession of his service. Even there,

Amid the schemers, — and the men of lust, —  
Amid the soldiers, — and the men of crime,  
Who fled man's justice, there were men of prayer,  
Who sought God's face, — whose hearts were true to Christ.

And thus, on this mingled, but not confused chronicle, the painter leads the eye forward to the truer and more pure, the unmingled triumphs of him who goes forth conquering. Clear before the eye, undimmed by any mist or confusion or distance, you may see Penn, binding the Indian of the New World with the true Christians of the Old, — in warm alliance; you may see devoted missionaries calling converts from every island — of every color — of every name — and all kneeling together to praise the same God: — you may see teachers with one Word of Truth clasped in their hands, and collecting around them the learned of every science: the men who give a new value to whatever form of truth, by showing whence truth comes. There are chains falling from slaves' hands. Here are soldiers throwing down their weapons.

A group of priests and augurs, of the most varied rituals, are trampling on the machinery of their past mummeries, and with united hands hold up the cross which is the sign of the triumph which flashes so brightly on their faces. And these victories are working in the presence of teachers of every grade and name — sailors — women — children and missionaries, — all alike are calling all to him, — are aiding in the Christian conquest.

Now I know how readily the question will be asked, how these various groups can be harmonized in the same picture. This is for the artist to tell. It is his triumph if he succeeds in doing it. I cannot go into the arcana of the art. I do not know by what machinery of light and shade and grouping, — by what intertwining and arrangement, by what contrast and what resemblances it is, that a painter can present to me the idea of myriads of human beings, without confusing them before the eye, or making a motley chaos, a mere mob from the very mass of them. It is a mystery of the artist's genius, I suppose. A mystery of this noble art which he professes. A mystery of the processes of art which gives art the power to express that real harmony of spirit, which at times, binds together men, whose outside life is widely different. No one would feel amazed, who should have seen in life Penn and Fenelon meet together cordially, and with great enthusiasm of friendship. If the artist has any power, he ought to be able, — by what hidden transcendentalism of his genius we outside barbarians need not ask, — to show such bond of inward sympathy, between those who appear most different.

It ought not to be impossible therefore, to bring together harmoniously the world of groups which we have been describing. The same spirit is involved in each. Christ conquering and to conquer is in all of them. And beneath the hand of genius they do harmonize in one picture. Boldly indeed, but not too boldly, the picture itself gives the key to their sympathy. The eye glances upward to see the source of the light from heaven which is shining upon them all. And there in the radiance of that light, a wreath of incense from the altars below has almost taken form. As you look upon it, — like the cloud of summer it becomes more and more distinct to your accustomed gaze; till at last you suspect, and then search for, and then detect in the midst of that blaze of light upon the canvass, a shadowy figure, from around which it radiates. It seems to be — *it is* the figure of a white horse and of his rider. Amid the very light of heaven there is just discernable, the shadowy transfigured form of one who has a crown upon his head, — and, amid the legions of earth below, you see how he goes forth conquering.

By this lovely, fanciful conception, which, as it stands on the canvass, could not displease the sternest taste, the artist connects his illustration of the triumphs of Christ, with the fervent Christian prophecy of those triumphs.

In speaking of this picture, I will not raise the discussion as to allegorical painting so called. Here is no allegory. It is the painting of facts. I will not discuss the artist's right to combine them on the canvass. If he has succeeded in his combination, he had a right, by all rule of art or of good taste to combine them. To any who is sceptical as to the effect of such combination of actions various in place and time, I can only say that with myself, the Catholic power of the whole picture sweeps away all such protest. Had I never thought so before, this picture would have taught me that all Christian victories are One victory. The crucifixion, the martyrdoms, the missions, the reforms, the pacifications of the world,—they are the conquest of different trophies on one battle-field. They are groups in one scene. They are the leaves of the crown of one Conqueror.\*

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REV. J. JOHNS.

SADLY have the tidings been borne to us across the ocean of the death of the zealous missionary, Rev. J. Johns of Liverpool,—of the loss of a good and useful man. How many of us go down to our graves without using our personal influence upon any beyond our immediate circle; but he of whom I speak labored in an extensive field, and faithfully did he discharge the duties thereof. Of his literary attainments it is not my purpose to speak; I would look upon him in his highest and noblest aspect, as the friend of the poor, as the Christian minister. Long will the lone widow wait and listen for a footstep which had become music to her ear; wearily will the orphans look for his coming who brought joy and peace to their dwelling; and heavily will the anxious wife and mother sigh as she thinks of the kind voice which was wont to soothe and sustain her in her daily depressing cares and anxieties. And the strong man, he who has been saved by his kind hand and voice from perils of soul and body, will drop a scalding tear as he thinks he shall see his friend no more. "Prayer and kindly in-

\* I suppose that this picture is still to be seen in Mr. Wall's study in Boston. He has undertaken two other pictures which illustrate two other of these passages of prophecy in a kindred spirit.

tercourse with the poor are the great safeguards of the spiritual life ; — they are more than food or raiment." And so Mr. Johns felt it to be. It was not duty but love which drew him so constantly to the dwellings of the lowly ; it was not his profession but his noble, sympathizing heart which led him from morning until night among the weary and heavy laden — among the sinful and suffering. Of a highly wrought, poetical and susceptible temperament, his sensibilities were touched and his heart torn by the sufferings which he witnessed around him and which he, with all his assiduity, could only partially alleviate. Untiring in his efforts for their relief, he seized upon every project, every plan in which he could benefit them. To loan-societies, evening-schools, improved dwellings, in short every thing that could save, instruct or elevate them, he gave his time, his purse, his strength, and his whole heart. In his letters his constant theme was the poor ; what he was doing or striving to do for them ; and the bright face of Hope always seemed to be beaming upon him. He had apparently reached what Dr. Arnold supposes "the desirable feeling to entertain with regard to one's work, — always to expect to succeed and never to think you have succeeded." As I write, his image, as I saw him some years since, rises before me. His simple, child-like manner, his devoted being, his earnest, sincere tone as he discoursed to the poor men and women who composed his audience, are deeply impressed upon my memory. O who can tell the void, can estimate the loss, of such an excellent man, such a Christian ?

No one who knew him can be surprised at the cause of his death. As it was God's will to call him home while in the midst of a useful career, I cannot regret that he died in his devotion to those to whom he ministered through life. A man had died of ship fever, and none would assist the Catholic priest to remove the body except Mr. Johns, and both fell victims to what they considered their simple duty, but what the world may term their humanity. While on earth, his Master's business was his highest pleasure, and early has he been called to his reward. Like Bacon he felt that in this world God and the angels were spectators, and unceasingly did he labor in the vineyard which was given unto him. "The day which we falsely mourn as his last was the day of his better nativity." He has gone to those mansions of which he loved to speak and think, and where he taught the suffering to look for peace and repose, and the sinful for pardon and hope.

Alas ! alas for those who are left to mourn for him ; for the desolate hearth of the noble, loving wife and the young children ! May the Father be with them and lift up the light of his countenance upon them !

A—A.

## EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. NO. VII.

THE discourse of Dr. Frothingham at the funeral of Dr. Gray, bearing the title "Gathered to his People," seemed when we heard it to be so full of the author's elegant felicities of expression, and withal to be so marked by that rare merit in all obituaries, — simple yet not stinted justice to the subject, — that we remember earnestly desiring, at the time, that it might be printed and go forth to be an example in that kind of writing. That wish is now fulfilled; and by the published Sermon the impressions occasioned at its delivery are fully renewed and justified. It is the tribute of an accomplished and discriminating scholar, to an amiable and worthy divine. — We omitted, when it ought to have been done, to acknowledge gratefully the reception of the spicy and pungent "Centennial Address" of Rev. Mr. Babbidge at Pepperell, in February last. Admitting that a close controversy, pertaining to local and theological matters mixed, is ever desirable, we have here a specimen of the thing, done thoroughly and to some purpose. — Rev. A. P. Peabody, in the Sermon styled "The Triumphs of War," makes use of the foolish and thoughtless, if not unprincipled, demonstrations of rejoicing that followed the late capture of Vera Cruz by the American army, and the refusal of his own church at Portsmouth to participate in those demonstrations, to exhibit the utter inconsistency between all war and the teachings of Christianity, and to expose the unrighteousness and shamefulness of our present war in particular, — a work that he executes with great directness, fidelity and just effect. — Rev. Mr. Lunt's "Artillery Election Sermon" carries with it ample assurance of a strong intellect, affluent resources, and a hand well used to excellent writing. We are so accustomed, indeed, to admire whatever comes from its author, equally in style and spirit; the vigorous, firm and even current of his thought is so apt to bear us along with it; he presents his views in so noble and manly a fashion, that we are half vexed with ourselves for not *wholly* liking the able discourse before us. Whether from a prejudice on the peace question, or some other cause, we cannot help wishing that the force of so grand a performance were borne even more decidedly and unequivocally than it is, against every form of fighting. The sum of our objection is simply this, — that, whether justly or unjustly, the sermon will be taken by many persons, — persons whom we are sorry to see furnished with any arguments or any support, — as an apology for the making and conducting of wars. Mr.



Lunt, reasoning according to his convictions, with the singular sincerity and truthfulness that belong to him, — doubtless feels that what is the exact truth to *his own mind* is precisely the safest and in fact the only thing, possible for him to state. He is certainly right in this; and perhaps all we have to regret is that a single-hearted and earnest hater of bloodshed cannot speak out his whole idea, and draw careful distinctions, without being construed as the defender of a custom that he abhors. — “The Minister and the Age,” by Rev. Prof. Stebbins, is a manly declaration of the writer’s impressions respecting the spiritual and social wants of the time, and the real worth and meaning of the ministerial office.

### THE SPIRIT-CALL.

“Men and worldlings, have ye never  
Heard the solemn spirit-call?  
Listen! for it whispers ever  
Unto one and unto all:

“Wherefore to this dull earth cleaving,  
Listless as a noon-day cloud?  
Wherefore toiling, vainly weaving  
Golden lining for a shroud?

“Truth bestows a crown of lightness,  
Easy on the brow it lies;  
But ye spurn it, lest its brightness  
Vex your film enveloped eyes.

“Ye are cringing, ye are fawning,  
With your hearts at Fashion’s feet;  
Up, arise! a day is dawning!  
Welcome it with chorals meet.

“Then unclasp the ‘Book of Ages,’  
Read it with the inner eye;  
Breathe thy soul upon its pages  
With a truth that shall not die.

“Heed not, then, the gay winds driving,  
Let life’s dark clouds earthward roll;  
Be ye dauntless, ever striving  
To perpetuate the soul!

Men and brethren, will ye never  
Listen to the spirit-call?  
Lo! it whispers, whispers ever,  
‘On forever! onward all!’”



## INTELLIGENCE.

**ORDINATION AT ROXBURY, MASS.**—Mr. W. R. Alger, recently of the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained as Minister of the Mount Pleasant Congregational Society in Roxbury, on Wednesday, September 8, 1847. The exercises were as follows:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston; Selections of Scripture, by Rev. Mr. Hall of Dorchester; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Lothrop of Boston; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Alger of Marlborough; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Peabody of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Hale of Worcester; Address to the Society, by Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Thomas of South Boston.

An act of fraternal generosity and Christian courtesy on the part of the old Society, (Dr. Putnam's,) was mentioned in the course of the services, namely, that the old Society had presented the new one with a service of plate for the communion table. With a church building unencumbered by debt, with harmonious relations among themselves and towards their fellow Christians and neighbors, and with an acceptable and earnest minister, the Mount Pleasant Society have encouraging prospects.

**ORDINATION AT NEWBURYPORT, MASS.**—Mr. T. W. Higginson, late of the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained Pastor over the First Religious Society in Newburyport, on Wednesday, September 15, 1847. The following was the order of exercises:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Clarke of Boston; Selections from the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Nichols of Saco, Me.; Sermon, by Rev. W. H. Channing; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Nichols of Portland, Me.; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Clarke of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Stone of Salem; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Fox of Boston.

**ORDINATION AT CHARLEMONT, MASS.**—Mr. George F. Clark, late of the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained "as an Evangelist in Charlemont and its vicinity," on Wednesday, August 11, 1847. The following was the order of exercises:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Everett of Northfield; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Nightingale of Cabotville; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Gray of Boston; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Field of Charlemont; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Brown of Brattleboro', Vt.; Right Hand of Fellow-

ship, by Rev. Mr. McIntyre of Brattleboro'; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Stearns of Rowe, Mass.

"The services at the church were all good, and none too long. At their close, the whole congregation were invited to partake of a collation at the house of Rev. Joseph Field, and to listen to some addresses and to music in the grove near by. The people were much interested at the church, and very cheerful, social and happy at the festival which followed. Mr. Clark enters upon an interesting field of labor. He ministers to a people widely scattered, but united in faith and zeal. He preaches alternately in Charlemont and Shelburne: two towns which are together more than twenty miles long. Mr. Stearns of Rowe, of whose interesting little society high up among the hills we have often heard, will be his only near neighbor of our denomination; but he will not be without other friendly encouragement and sympathy. We bid him God speed." [New York Inquirer.

#### FOREIGN ITEMS.

**THE RAGGED SCHOOL IN NEWCASTLE.**—The new school in Sandgate near the Wide Open, is worthy of a visit. We looked in on Monday, and found between forty and fifty barefooted boys—some busy with their lessons, others noisy and frolicsome—all of them answering to the description of "rough and ready." Like most street-boys, they are quick and apt—naturally gifted, but rude and uncultured. The master, a patient, laborious, intelligent young man, has rapidly increased his school to its intended limit; and, if the institution should be adequately supported, he will be provided (as he ought to be) with an assistant. The importance of the work in which he is engaged cannot be over-estimated. Boys, whose home (we may almost say) is the street, are here brought under intellectual and moral training, and have a way of escape opened out to them from an after-life of ignorance and crime. Many of them are orphans—some of them worse than orphans. It is the duty and interest of society to step into the place of their parents; and they will richly repay good husbandry. At the close of their forenoon lessons, the master dispensed a basketful of bread and cheese. [Gateshead Observer.

**OPENING OF MR. GEORGE DAWSON'S NEW CHAPEL AT BIRMINGHAM.**—On the morning of Sunday, this very elegant chapel, which has been in course of erection during the summer, was opened, when an elegant and impressive address, occupying about an hour and a half in the delivery, was given by Mr. Dawson to a crowded congregation, among whom were the Mayor of Birmingham, and other leading men of the town. Several friends were also present from London, Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, Norwich, &c. The discourse was expository of Mr. Dawson's religious views, and the grounds of union among the members of the congregation. The friends of Mr. Dawson at a distance will be glad to learn that this preliminary and expository address is to be printed. Care was taken to secure the valuable services of a gentleman accustomed to report the eloquent and rapid utterance of this remarkable speaker. [Manchester Examiner.